James Edward Francis [Stuart]

K

A Trip to Dunkirk:

OR,

A HUE and CRY

After the Pretended

Prince of *WALES.*

BEING A

PANEGYRICK

ON THE

DESCENT.

WHY, hark me, Sirs, ——if this Rumour holds true,
W'are like here, Egad, to have somewhat to do:
The *French*, as they say (he'll believe it that sees it,)
Are coming Gadzookers to pay us a Visit;

With such a vast Fleet —— (L—d Mercy upon's,
And keep us from Popery, Swords and Great Guns,)
That as I'm alive, ——tho' I ne'er was afraid yet,
It almost had frighten'd me ——first when I heard it.
Nay, more than all this, it is certainly said
There's a little *Welch Monarch* to come at their Head;
And he, (shame the Devil, and let us speak the Truth,)
You know in your Hearts is a very smart Youth,
And doubtless will prove, when he's pleas'd to bestir him,
As Valiant as e'er was his Father before him,
Who sent on some great Expedition in View,
Now glitters in Arms with an Equipage too,
Which, positively, you may swear is all New.
For as I have heard, (if some People speak Right,)
He ne'er March'd before, — unless 'twere to Sh—t;
But now at the Head of Ten Thousand Brave Fellows,
(That is, as Accounts thence are plea,'d for to tell us)
He's going on some strange Advantage or other,
(Perhaps 'tis to seek out his Father and Mother)
In *Ireland*, or *Scotland*, or some Land or another;
I can't tell you where, but some Place no doubt,
Which you'll hear time enough if he e'er do's set out,
With an Army of *French*, Popish Bridles and Knives,
To cut all our Throats, and to Ride all our Wives.
Then stand to your Arms, all good People, I'd wish ye,
You Loyal Train'd-bands, and the Valiant Militia,
Brush up your Buff-Doublets, and *Scotch* Basket-Hilt,
(By which, to your Honour, no Blood was e'er Spilt;)

The

The Nation will now your Assistance want sore,
Which, as I remember, they ne'er had before,
Nor will——I hope in kind Heaven, e'er want any more.
Altho' for your Zeal, it is not to be question'd,
You've always been ready when ought has occasion'd,
At ev'ry Rejoicing you've made a fine Show,
(And that is one Part of a Soldier we know,)
Been Drunk, and done all that became you to do.
And as for your Valour we cannot deny it,
'Tis known you can fight—tho' you'd rather be quiet.
Nor has the *French* Threats, or their Menaces fear'd us,
Because we know well we'd such a Hero to Guard us.
Then since they're so hot on't, 'gad e'en let 'em come,
I'll warrant they'll be Maul'd——tho' I don't say by whom.
We've Rods here in Pis that will firk off their Tails,
For all their Brave Ad's—and their Monarch of *Wales*.
Adsheart the young Hero had best take a Care,
That he ben't in Conclusion drawn into a Snare:
For as it is said, his Old Godfire intends
(Or at least would be glad as the Matter now stands)
To get shut of him handsomely off of his Hands;
And therefore e'en tells him in Words very plain,
That he hopes (which is true) *we'er to see him again.*
So e'en Sink or Swim, Fleet, Forces and all,
He'll venture this Cast, tho' it cost him a Fall.

To *Ireland* some think this *Welsh* Hero is bound,
Tho' Pox that's a Jest, one may venture Five Pound.——

For there's an old Debt ſtill on *Lewis*'s Score,
He was Bit in aſſiſting his Father before,
And therefore he'll hardly come there any more.

No, *Scotland*'s the Place they ſay he's deſign'd to,
Where 'tis thought —— H'as a great many Friends —— which perhaps he'll ſcarce find ſo;
But let him take Care what may follow hereafter,
If he truſts to the *Scots*, he may chance catch a *Tartar*:
And if he ſhou'd fall in our Clutches ye know,
He'd be damnably mump'd, I can tell him but ſo;
Were I in his Caſe I'd not truſt my own Brother,
They Sold us one K——, ſhou'd they Sell us another;
For our *Jacks* here at Home —— as Brave Fellows as may be,
They prick up their Ears at the News on't already;
And out of their Zeal, they expect him at leaſt
To be here, *French* and all, when the Wind's next at *Eaſt*:
But ſome are more cautious, and queſtion it much,
And doubt th' Invaſion's deſign'd on the *Dutch*;
For the Noiſe of his Landing they ſwear 'tis a Bite all,
They'll truſt to't no more —— till they ſee him at *White-Hall*.

But this is but Talk all, and ſo let it reſt,
Some are ſtill of Opinion 'twill all prove a Jeſt:
This Hero at *Dunkirk* will make his Campaign,
And ſo gallop back to St. *Germains* again.

F I N I S.

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